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THE
PROPHETS:

AN *K*
Heroic Poem.

In Three Cantos.

Humbly Inscrib'd to the
ILLUMIN'D ASSEMBLY
AT
BARBICAN.

-----*Me quoq; dicunt*
Vatem Pastores-----

Virgil. Eclog. 9.

L O N D O N :

Printed and are to be Sold by A. Baldwin, near the
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X

THE

PROCEEDINGS

AND

DEBATES

OF THE



OF THE

AT

THE

OF THE

OF THE

LONDON

Printed by A. B. ...

Epistle Congratulatory

T O

Sir Richard Bulkeley, Bart.

S I R,

I Am sorry your Elaborate Treatise came so late to my Hands, that I cou'd not make that Advantage I propos'd, of those bright Discoveries You have oblig'd the World with, relating to this new Dispensation: Yet I have this Comfort in my Misfortune, That tho' my Copy was unhappily given out, before I cou'd correct it by Your Standard, the exact Agreement between my Poetry and Your Prose, may very well serve for a Proof of my Inspiration; and that, (You know, Sir,) Poets as well as Prophets earnestly contend for. Give me leave to mention one Passage of the many, where I am so happy to fall in with Your admirable Notions. Page 17, as I take it, You are pleas'd to inform us, that P. 17.
" The Word *Vates* was the Appellation of both
" Prophet, and Poet, it being universally believed
" of old, that good Poetry was Inspiration. Now this is perfectly a Comment upon my *Motto*.

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———*Me quoq; dicunt*
Vatem Pastores,———

which, for fear of not being rightly understood, I was forc'd to inculcate into my Readers in plain *English* ;

———*Bards of Old*
And Prophets were the same———

But I must confess, You have wonderfully improv'd the Notion , by assuring us from *Horace*,
P. 17. “ All good Poets are mad ; and from Scrip-
P. 35. ture, That “ Mad-men and Prophets are hard-
ly distinguish'd. This is reasoning Syllogisti-
cally ; and tho' Logic has generally as little to do in Poetry as Prophecy, it may be lawfully made use of, on this Occasion, where its Conclusions honour us with so many glorious Relations. Undoubtedly 'tis from this Resemblance of Prophets, that Pious Mahometans pay holy Veneration to Fools and Mad-men ; as being under the Operation of the Spirit. Which by a natural Connexion of Ideas, brings me to another mature Observation of yours, That
P. 22. “ The Gift of the Spirit, which some
“ pretend to be still abiding in the Church,
“ if so, must be own'd to be in a Dark-Lanthorn ;
“ neither warming, enlightning, nor seen, but that
“ they tell us 'tis there. What says *Hudibras* ?

*'Tis the Dark-Lanthorn of the Spirit,
Which none see by, but those that bear it.*

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And here I can't but observe, that there has always been a perfect good Correspondence between the Light of the Spirit, and Lanthorns; not but there is a Text as much in the Favour of Candlesticks, and a worthy Doctor has a lucky Thought on the present Subject, which seems to have been built on that Foundation, *viz.* That "A certain Person, " (Sir *Richard*) is a fit Socket to stick a new Light " in. The Doctor is an Author, whose Authority is very good, and consequently often quoted; yet for all that (I don't know how 'tis) Lanthorns have got the upper-hand of Candlesticks, and right or wrong, will, I'm afraid, maintain their Supremacy: Whether the Notion of the *Light within* concludes the Dispute in their Favour, 'tis not for me to determine; all I have to desire is this, That where, in my Address to the Prophets, I have term'd them Lanthorns, they wou'd not misunderstand me, to mean Dark-Lanthorns (made famous by one *Faux*, a *Romish* Virtuoso) but true Protestant Globe-Lanthorns of the first Magnitude: Such as in the Entries of Orthodox Taverns out-shine the Coffee-Conventicles of the Neighbourhood. And this, Sir, puts me in mind of another Instance of the exact Conformity of our Ideas, in relation to "The different degrees of Prophetic

P. 93.

" Illumination: Tho' I cou'd wish I had come sooner to the sight of Your accurate Description of the Prophetic Agitations, on the difference of which, my Distinction of Degrees is chiefly founded. I find my Account deficient in several material Passages, particularly, "That quick Vibration of

P. 105.

" Breathing, in some so short as in Music (in slow common time) may be four to a Se-

“ *miquaver* : However, to make amends, I have spoke to a Music-Master of my Acquaintance, to set me a Prophetical Warning to a new Division in *Semi-demi-semi-quavers*, an Improvement of Music unknown to the Ancients. If you cou’d recommend one of the Inspir’d with good Lungs, and a tuneable Voice, to run it over clean at the next Music meeting in *York-Buildings*, we shou’d put down *Clinch*, and the new *Italian*. But of this in another place.—To go on with the Description. The Vibrations of the Head in general I have taken notice of, but did not accurately enough observe,

P. 105.

whether it was “ Forwards and backwards, or from *before* to *behind*; which being a material Difference, I wou’d not come to Particulars, for fear of being mistaken in a Circumstance of that Importance. But what I most regret, is, That I did not hit upon that beautiful

P. 105.

Thought, of the “ Horizontal Motion, “ as a Dog turns his Head when he “ comes out of the Water, ’twou’d have run naturally into Blank Verse.

*As when a Dog (of Spaniel Breed suppose)
In watry Chace of Duck, or Drake, sore tir’d,
Takes to the Bank, and shakes his streaming Ears
With Horizontal Motion, scatt’ring round
Favours Canine, in misty Dew dispens’d :
So —————*

The involuntary Motion of the Tongue, and Lips, I have the Vanity to think not unaptly express’d in my third Canto; yet I must own it might have been considerably improv’d from Your pat Similitude
of

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of "The Mouth of *Balaam's* Ass. This was (to speak the fashionable Language) P. 45. signally *a propos*: But pardon me if I don't think it so artful as that Judicious Insinuation of yours concerning the false Predictions of the Old Scripture Prophets; the Instances are well P. 78, 79, &c. chosen, and the Application easie. However, (letting that pass) you have done me a particular Favour in giving the World this publick Account of the Predictions concerning P. 87. Dr. *Eme's* Resurrection, and the Judgments to fall on Unbelievers: For to tell you the Truth, (the printed Account being for private Reasons of State suppress'd) I was almost afraid of being suspected for a Broacher of new Doctrines: But your Authentic Testimony has set all right, and my five Months from the Day of his Death, are found exactly to agree with your Computation; so that the signal Day for confirming the Elect, and extirpating Infidels, must be the 25th of *May* and no other; tho' some, no ill Friends of yours, have already found you out an Hole to creep out at, in case of Non-performance of Prophecy. For (say they) 'tis plain from a Text in the New Testament, that Great Works can't be wrought in 'an Unfaithful Generation: And for the other Branch of the Prophecy, about Destruction, &c. That (by the Prayers of the Elect) may be deferr'd to another Opportunity. But for my part I must own, I am still of Opinion, that after your solemn Declaration of " This
" Prophecy's being decisive, and that P. 87,
P. 88.
" You are forbidden to pray for God's
" Enemies: You won't think of coming off by an

Evasion you are forestall'd in. Remember Old Chaucer.

*I hold a Mouse's Wit not worth a Leke,
That hath but one Hole to sterten to,
And if that faile, then is all idoe.*

Not that I in the least question, but you are better provided, yet it must be a Comfort to you to have so many antecedent Proofs of the Truth of this Prediction, amongst which I reckon the Gift of Tongues not inconsiderable. I know there are some light Sparks, who make a Jest of yours and Mr. *Facio's* Examination of Mr. *Lacy* in the *Classics*, and pretend *Schanobates* and *Aliptes*, as
 P. 92. necessary to the Great Work of Conversion,
 P. 93. as several Texts in *Lucretius*, *Martial*, *Ovid*, or *Juvenal*, — but they mean unluckily. Yet I wish you would satisfy me in one thing, Whether Mr. *Lacy* when he rendred the Latin Poets so readily Line for Line, spoke Blank Verse or Couplets; this wou'd be of great Use to me in the next Poem I publish: For at present I am (as you may see) so wavering between both, that I don't know which to stick to. But now I am on the Subject of Learning, pray, Sir, is *Betty Grey's* Prophetic Denomination *Saraiah*, or *Sarah*, (according to the usual reading?) It has occasion'd several warm Disputes amongst the Grammarians; but I believe must remain undecided, till that Gentle-
 P. 93. man you mention for speaking Hebrew so fluently by Inspiration, will be so kind as to put an end to the Controversy. Of this *Saraiah* aforesaid, there goes an odd Story, how she acted the Whore

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Whore of Antichrist, in a Gentleman's Lodgings of your Acquaintance, and ranted about, and box'd the Company very smartly; till one *Allut*, by the Impulse of the Spirit, thump'd her into better Manners. Is it this you hint at by "The Body of the
" Prophets being under the Dominion
" a Superior Spirit, which enables them P. 42.
" to be beaten, kick'd, trodden upon, &c. with-
" out any Sensation of Pain. I am apt to believe it, because I have something like it on the same Subject;

*And bangs her sore both Back and Belly,
Yet all the while, (Sir, let me tell ye)
When in a Trance you see her lie,
She feels no more than you or I:
For Drub's Prophetic give no Pain,
But when they light on the Profane.*

But this is not the first time you and I (*Sir Richard*) jump; allow me that vulgar Expression, you know what it alludes to;—*Verbum Sapienti*.

I am sensible, what reason you have to resent the Author of (*Enthusiastic Impostors, &c.*) Ungentlemanlike Usage of you; but at the same time I'm sorry, the Spirit has forbid you oblig- P. 99.
Ibid.
ing Posterity, with that inestimable Piece of Learning you design'd for an Answer to his Libel: This has left us mightily in the dark, as to That Story and several others we take upon Credit from the same hand: Tho' what inclines me the more to admit of its Truth, is, Your Learned Vindication of Signs and Tokens; for really P. 38, &c.
that same Damofel is an admirable Type (as you call her) of the *Great Whore*. But of all the Instances you
give

P. 39, 43. give among the old Prophets, That strikes me most of the Hebrew of the Blood Royal, who walk'd the Streets with his Buttocks uncover'd, to the Shame of *Egypt*, and *Ethiopia*: May not we presume he was (as a Man may say) the Type of Dr. *Emes*, who by the Spirit's Prediction, I understand, is to appear stark naked (to the Shame, I hope, of the *Spanish West-Indies*.) But to be serious, I must confess, I was a little scandaliz'd at Mr. *Lacy's Drumming*, and *Tantararing*, till you

P. 41. quoted the Prophets laying siege to a City painted on a Tile, and defending it himself with a Pan: But for the other Agitations, I wonder any one can be startled at Them, who is never so little vers'd either in Divine, or Prophane History.

P. 33. From the former, You confront them with two notable Instances, of " *Saul*, when the " Evil Spirit was on him, and he flung his Javelyn " at *David*: And of " The Prophets of *Baal*, " when they leap'd on his Altar, and cut *themselves*; which no Man (as you rightly observe) would do, that cou'd guide his own hand:

P. 35. From the latter, I presume to furnish two more, to bear the others Company; First, *Virgil's Sibyl*, when *Æneas* came to enquire the way to Hell of her: And Secondly, honest *Calchas* in *Statius's Achilleis*, when *Protesilaus* ask'd him, whose Petticoats *Achilles* was hid under. 'Twas an odd Question, you'll say, but I can assure you *Calchas* answer'd it as well as That Prophet (you mention)

P. 103. tion) cou'd have done; who found out by Inspiration, that the Woman who look'd so neat as to outward Appearance, when it came to the pinch, had never a Rag of a Shift on. Because the

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the Case is pretty much the same, and the Agitations describ'd very much alike, I presume to transcribe some part of the Translation.

*Calchas this while his Eyes doth wildly throw,
And his pale Looks the God's approach do show.
His Hairs erected stood, in no one Place
His Neck kept fix'd, nor keep his Feet one pace.
Tired at length, and trembling, a Voice broke
Through the opposing Fury, and thus spoke,*

His Speech is not much to our purpose, so may very well at present be pass'd by, but the Conclusion comes up to us again :

*Then staggering, by his Strength and Rage forsook,
He sunk down by the Altar, whilst he shook.*

Now, Sir, What can come nearer the Translations of *Barbican*? And yet this was printed just after the Restauration, and as the Poet tells you, wrote in a Prison during the time of the Troubles. I'd have the Adversary, who pretends only to discourage Innovations in Religion, consider this Plea to Antiquity; and teach the brutish Vulgar a more Christian Temper; for really their flinging Dogs and Cats about the Assembly, is an unjustifiable Cruelty to their Fellow-Creatures. But I am in Admiration, that the Civil Magistrate should suffer unpunish'd their riding about the Meeting-House, and winding an Horn in Derision, when a Justice of Peace was in Presence: I'll maintain it an Affront to the whole Bench, and Contempt of Lawful Authority; but yet I can't
at

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at the same time but commend your Prudence ; for tho' *Hudibras* says,

*He that is valiant, and dare fight,
Tho' drub'd, can lose no Honour by't.*

I am't at all of his Opinion, where a Mob is the Antagonist : Tho' I'm apt to believe, you have a farther reach in professing these Passive Principles than the saving either your Skins and Reputations. However, let me recommend to you a piece of *Passive Obedience Caution*, practis'd with very good Success by the Christians, in some of the Great Turk's Dominions ; who to prevent the Mahometan *Spahis* making Stables of their Houses, build the door too low for an Horse to come in at. I leave the Mythology for you to pick out at your Leisure, and shall only add a few Miscellany Observations, by way of Use and Inference, and so conclude.

P. 90.

The Metamorphoses you mention, are very well enforc'd with proper Epithets. I like extreamly the passionate, quarrellsome, fighting, Lion's being turn'd into a Lamb ; I have seen them on a Sign-post painted together : But if I may speak my Mind freely, the Fox's being turn'd into a Lamb too, (under Correction) looks a little like a barren Invention. All-Lamb, as a Gentleman said of Pork on another Occasion, tho' never so well dress'd, is tiresome. Suppose for Variety, and to keep up the *Antithesis*, the fraudulent

P. 90.

cheating Fox shou'd be turn'd into a plain simple Goose, what think ye, Wou'd it not do full as well ? And the Fox and Goose, I can assure ye, make as pretty a Sign to the full as the other. But

without insisting upon This, one thing I'll answer for ; That if you'll but undertake to change Oxen into Bullocks, and old Cows into Heifers, (which one wou'd think shou'd be as easie as Lions into Lambs) you shall never want Custom as long as your Changing-Office is kept open.

The next thing, I take the Liberty to advise you to, is, to expunge in your Second Edition that Passage of the particular Directions given to one of the Inspir'd, as to his Conduct in a Suit of Law, it may create you many Enemies you don't think of. For the Business of healing you talk so much of, you may go on as you and your Patients can agree : I don't find the College disturb'd at it; They have an unlucky Maxim, The more Practitioners, the more Practice; a Paradox not hard to be solv'd, but whether it has any Relation to you, or no, Time must shew. The Surgeons grumble there's no Money stirring amongst you ; that Story of yours *Page 42* has put them out of Humour ; they swear if all the Prophets have such hard Sculls as can rebound half a Yard from a Fall on the acute Corner of a Cane-Chair, (and that without a Peruke too) and yet never so much as crack the Skin, to make work for a Surgeon, there will quickly be an end of that beneficial Custom of breaking Heads, and then giving a Plaister ; alas ! Sir, Blood-letting and Tooth-drawing will soon follow. As for the Apothecaries they only say, they have lost a good Customer, but they hope to have you again sometime about the latter end of *May* next ; but you know, Sir, what 'tis to talk like an Apothecary.

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P. 111, 113.

P. 42.

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But

But still the heaviest Charge remains behind, and That you must expect from the Clergy, who are best able to plead their own Cause; and since you have so bravely bid them all Defiance, like a true Knight Errant, I declare for the weaker side, and challenge the best of them all, to take the Choice of the Weapons.

Answer a Fool according to his Folly:

O R,

Answer not a Fool according to his Folly.

There is a little Advantage in the Length, but if they please, I am for the shortest; it makes the best home Thrusts, and so let them e'en begin when they will: But one thing I warn them of, as a fair Enemy, let them take good Care when they combat either of Us two, how they wound the Scripture through our Sides, 'tis the great Fault of the long Spear. For the short one, let me arm those that use it with this Caution; let them take care how in answering particular Men, they ridicule their Tenents by opposite Texts of Scripture, lest they fall short of the Body of their Adversaries Arguments, and unhappily make a Burlesque Battle between Revelation and Prophecy; 'tis the only Fault of the short Weapon in this case, which else is the best for the present purpose of any Blade in *Christendom*. And now having acquitted my Conscience; with a perfect Peace of Mind, I meditate my Conclusion. I am sensible I have been long about it, but I hope the Importance of the
last

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last Discovery, may excuse my Unwillingness to lay down my Pen: which now to do with Decency, and good Manners; give me leave, Sir, sincerely to congratulate the Recovery of your Health, let the Means be whatsoever. May you enjoy it long without a Relapse, and your Body stand firm, tho' your Faith happen to stagger, which is the Wish of a Friend, and of

Dear S I R,

Your humble Servant, &c.

P O S T S C R I P T.

I Am in a longing Expectation of the Second Part you have promis'd, for a full and true Account of the Lives, and Conversations of the Prophets: I am of Opinion 'twill sell well, especially your *Defence of Miracles, and Predictions*, which must needs be very entertaining if it descend to Particulars.

My humble Service to Mr. *Lacy*, I am mightily oblig'd to his Edition of *A Cry in the Desert*, for the Substance of the First and Second Cantos, which you'll easily remark on the first Perusal. I wish I cou'd obtain the Favour of him to write a few Notes: He has a happy Talent at Explanation.

I have some Thoughts of writing an *Heroic Poem* in more familiar Verse, of the Progress of Prophecy,
inscrib'd

inscrib'd to Him, if he shall think it not unworthy of his Patronage. In the mean time, I intend, with his Permission, to bring him some Patients with the first fair Weather, if the Season of healing continues.

I am sorry to hear poor Dr. B ——— d fell off so unluckily, before he arriv'd at the State of Perfection: the Gift might have been of infinite Advantage to him in his Practice, and sav'd a great Profusion, of *Sal Volatile Oleosum*; which they tell me he makes incomparably well, since his Apostacy.

Once more Yours, &c.

T H E

THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

TRagi-Comedy is the peculiar Growth of the British Theatre, and as such 'tis no Wonder if it meets with a favourable Reception from a Nation not apt to undervalue her own Products. Yet still this Favourite Plant, tho' in its Native Soil, wants a little good Management in the raising, to bring it to its due Perfection. The General Practice of our most approv'd Playwrights, has been to refresh the Audience after a solemn Scene of Tragedy, with a merry Interlude of Farce: Successfully imitated in our late reigning Operas, where, when the Musical Hero has whin'd you to sleep in mournful Recitativo, you are wak'd on a sudden by a comical Love-Dialogue between Mopsa and Blunderbuss, to the Tune of a Lancashire Hornpipe. Now in my private Opinion, (which as I am an Author, shou'd carry some Weight) this is too Artless. For tho' a tolerable Critic surpriz'd by a Fit of good Humour, may perhaps for once fancy himself (at the Curtain's drawing up) in Madrid or Versailles, and with the shifting of the Scene, make the Tour of the Indies,

B

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dies, and pay a Visit by the way to the Great Mogul's Elephants : Yet you'll scarce find him after an hearty Laugh at the beginning of the Act, next Scene in a Disposition to relish Tragedy, in a Minute bursting his sides at the Constable's false English ; and by and by, with a grave Face and Heart full of Concern attending the Catastrophe. This is too sudden a Change to engage the Affections of an Audience, it may indeed amuse, as they call it, but I believe few Poets will allow That to be the chief Design of their Writing ; they wou'd willingly have the Beauty of their Works relish'd ; and if they wou'd but observe what their Friend Horace tells them, of the near Affinity between Poetry and Painting, 'tis not impossible to reconcile the opposite Ideas of Mirth, and Sorrow, with the just Oeconomy of a Dramatic Poem. No doubt, as the Drama is a lively Representation of Human Actions, 'tis allowable to introduce the same Mixture of Comical, and Tragical Events, which we daily meet with on the more public Stage of the World : But how to bring these in, so as to set off one another, is the Difficulty. And here our Brother Painters instruct us, that bright Colours mutually deaden one another, unless you make an artificial Connexion by a Mixture of each in the Shades, and in this consists the Art of making the whole Painting seem of a Piece. Now 'tis this Keeping (as they call it in Colours) we so much want in Poetry ; and which I have endeavour'd to introduce in the ensuing Cantos : The first of which is Tragi-Comical, the second Tragical, and the third Serio-Comical. Now here you see every one has a different colouring, yet still the Keeping (which is here Tragic) is continu'd through the two first Cantos, and insensibly loses it self in in the serious of the last. But because this
more

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more properly refers to the Design ; I have attempted the same Variety, and Keeping in the Verse ; which being an outward Ornament not essential to the Poem, bears a nearer Resemblance with the Colours in Painting. And now to go over the Canto with this new Observation ; the first, (or Tragi-Comical), is wrote in Blank Verse, tagg'd at the end of every Sentence with a Couplet in Rhime, as the proper Dress for Tragi-Comedy. The Tragical Canto, is wholly in Rhime, only the Prophetical Warnings are in Blank Verse, as the most natural to suppose a Discourse in, tho' several successful Tragedies have been above that Restriction. The last being Serio-Comical, is (as most Comedies are) an Olla Podrida of Blank Verse, Heroic, and Burlesque. Now tho' you see these three are in different Colours, yet Blank Verse being retain'd throughout the whole (for a Keeping in the Shade) preserves the Poem entire and all of a Piece. And in this Difference of the Cantos, I have had a farther Design than merely the Advantage of Variety, having suited each, to the Genius of a several Nation ; that the Beauties of at least some part of the Poem may be retain'd, when it has lost the Advantage of its Original Language. The first indeed, (as it becomes a true born Englishman) I have dedicated to my Native Country, so peculiarly dress'd to the English Taste, that it can scarce have Justice done it, by any Foreign Cookery. But for the second, it will run so naturally into Spanish, that I am confident it will meet with as good a Reception at Madrid, (when the Allies are once more in Possession) as if it had been wrote by one of the Holy Fathers of the Inquisition. For the third and last,

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(which is suited to the Humour of the present Court at St. Germain's) for the Ladies sakes I have taken more than ordinary pains to make it acceptable to their refin'd Palates: For which reason I have also made it longer than the rest, to engage them the more in my Favour.

In which Hopes, with all humble Resignation, I lay at their Feet, both the Poem, and the Author.

Advertisement.

WHEN I first undertook to transmit to Posterity, the Memory of those Illustrious Personages, who at present so eminently distinguish themselves under the Name of Prophets; I thought my self oblig'd to trace them from their Original, as the Laws of History require. With this Resolution I apply'd my self to a diligent and laborious Search after Truth, in which (to my unspeakable Satisfaction,) I find, that the first who appear'd in *England* were *Camisars*. But because in future Ages, (for whom I calculate my present Labours) it may perhaps be a reasonable Question, Who these *Camisars* were? It may not be amiss here to take notice, that they were a certain Set of Men, and Children of the Sons of Those of the *Reform'd*, (who had chang'd their Religion out of Fear, or for Preferment) who by Inspiration preach'd the Gospel in the *Cevennes*, and rebuk'd their Fathers for their Apostacy. Of whom to give a more distinct Idea, I have divided my Poem into Three *Cantos*; in the *First* of which you have an Account of extirpating the *Reform'd* Religion in *France*, and re-establishing the *Romish* Superstitions. In the *Second*, Of the Rise of the *Camisars*, and the Doctrine they preach'd, with the Practice of their Congregations, till after some barbarous Executions, they were banish'd for taking up Arms against their Persecutors. And Lastly, In the *Third* I have endeavour'd to represent, their propagating the Faith in *England*, with the Behaviour of their *Profelytes*, both as to Preaching, and Practice, and a Taste of the Miracles, and Predictions, made use of for the Conviction of Infidels.

THE PROPHETS.

Canto I.

THrice holy Lanthorns, whose transcendent
 Light
 Conspicuous from afar, dispels the Mists
 Of dark Philosophy, and Learning vain :
 Grant me a Spark, from your Prophetic Blaze,
 That so I may explore the deep Recess,
 Where Energy *Thaumantic*, and the Keys
 Of Revelation, long have lain conceal'd ;
 To none but the Inspir'd, as yet reveal'd.

Proph. Warnings, 1st. Part. P. 12.

Say first ye Reverend Bards, (for Bards of old
 And Prophets were the same) say first, from whence
 This Gleam of Light, in these our Days corrupt,
 When Superstition veils Religion's Face
 With the Mysterious Shroud of Form, and Place.

What time, that He of *France* MOST CHRISTIAN
stil'd,

(By Counsel, well befitting Sons of *Rome*,
Whose Scarlet Dignity, ensanguin'd shines,
From Blood reflex) his thund'ring Edicts sent,
To root from out his Realms Christ's Worship pure:
Fines, Banishment, and Death, in horrid Shapes,
Were on those stubborn Heretics denounc'd,
Who durst for mortal Errors still dispute,
When learn'd Dragoons their Arguments refute.

These doom'd to Hell, (as zealous Friars preach'd)
'Twas Merit to extirpate from the Earth:
So when the Papal Thunderer aims his Bolt
At disobedient King, he gives him up
A Prey to *Satan* in the Church's Right,
Whilst His Assassins Soul deep stain'd in Blood,
By that uncommon Merit strait aspires
To Heav'n at once, and scapes the purging Fires.

No wonder where there are such Tenets held,
That Persecution breaths her hottest Flames,
On all, who are not branded with the Mark
Of the prevailing Beast: Hence the REFORM'D
Forc'd from their Country by Tyrannic Power
Leave all on Earth, to be of Heav'n secure.

Those

Those who remain'd (poor Remnant) fell seduc'd
 By specious reas'ning Priests ; or, what might tempt
 Those Priests themselves, tho' crafty, (well apply'd.)
 The Golden Bait, in vain but seldom try'd.

That part, yet firm, who cou'd or wou'd not scape,
 Nor to the Golden Idol bow the Knee,
 Slav'd in the Galleys, tug the Passive Oar,
 And stoop perforce to Discipline ; not such
 As buxom Nuns, for venial Lusts of Flesh,
 Are by their tickled Confessor enjoyn'd,
 Their Midnight Penance ; but laid on, as when
 Some sturdy Malefactor, whose light Purse
 Can't poise the pond'rous Scale of Justice, feels
 Such Lashes, as unfee'd the righteous Beadle deals.

Thus *France* by happy means entirely cleans'd
 From Heresy, to Mother Church submits,
 With Faith implicate: Gospel's now thrown by,
 Forth swarm Indulgences, Authentic *Bulls*,
 And powerful Prayers by Popes themselves compos'd,
 Confirming Years of Jubilee annex'd,
 By Thousands, Hundreds, and by Tens told out,
 To him, who gets the Lesson well by rote,
 And every Morn, or once a Year, (perhaps)
 On solemn day, in solemn place repeats

The formal Repetition. Easier Task
 Than sharp Repentance, and Contrition meet,
 What Hereticks in Scripture read enjoyn'd ;
 (But *Hereſy* is always painted blind.)

Next they unlock the well-ftock'd Magazine
 Of hallow'd Beads, and Crucifixes bleſs'd ;
 The boundleſs Store of Reliques ; ſplinter'd Bones,
 Bits of the real Croſs, and Sainted Rags ;
 No daring Devil ever durſt approach :
 Tyrants themſelves, with ſuch a Breſt-plate arm'd,
 Might ſleep ſecure, nor for their Guard retain
 Or Priests, or Holy Water,—Satan's bane.

If after all, (for Fleſh, alas ! is frail,
 And th' outward Man of Saints Themſelves may fail)
 The ſinning Bigot, at the Hour of Death,
 Unhappily ſhou'd ſtagger in the Faith,
 Let him but then, for one poor Minute wear
 The Weed of *Francis*, *Dominic*, or *Clare* ;
 In Saintly Garb Canonic well array'd,
 So ſhall he paſs (in holy Maſquerade)
 St. *Peter's* Search ; and by falſe Ticket gain
 The Gates of Heav'n, where elſe h'ad knock'd in
 vain,

How sweet Religion's this? How nicely dress'd
 To the voluptuous Palates, of the Rich,
 Who whilst on Earth may all its Pleasures share,
 Secure of Heav'n by their Director's Care?

Their Venial Sins Indulgences remit,
 If Mortal, those their Confessor absolves,
 On Penance, (well commuted for a Fine)
 At worst, a Legacy for Masses left
 Discharges clean the score, tho' ne'er so large.
 Perhaps too, if a weighty Sum, be giv'n,
 The Overplus of Masses, pay'd to Heav'n,
 Is to the Children by the Church made o'er,
 In part of Payment for Their future Score.

Happy! The Man of wealthy Parents born,
 Who mindful of their own, and Children's Souls,
 Have left the Church an ample Glebe. What Stars
 Propitious must his happy Birth direct,
 Who comes into the World with Heaven in Debt?

Thus far, the *Roman* Mystery will suit
 The Rich and Mighty. Those of lower note,
 The Splendor of the glitt'ring Temples awe,
 Whilst pompous Form of Ceremony, mix'd

With

With solemn Music, lulls Attention still,
And molds them fit for Impress good or ill.

These are the Preacher's Profelytes, for these,
Humane Decrees with Gospel Truths they tack,
And bring in Scripture oft with Inference forc'd,
For Purgatory, Masses for the Dead,
Auricular Confession, Pray'r to Saints,
And Sacraments, just sev'n, yet still maintain
That half of One's enough for all the Lay Prophane.

Where Scripture fails, not less assur'd They, quote
Father on Father, Councils, and Decrees,
Sure Refuge, Proof consummate. For the Croud,
Whose dull Attention Wonders must awake,
The strangest Story always most will take.

For these——poor Ghosts from Purgatory stray'd
Ghastly in hew must rattle heavy Chains,
With dreadful Yells, and supernatural Groans;
Whilst Nightly by the Friars Cells they pass,
And with a mournful Accent beg a Mass.

For these——Were monstrous Legends first contriv'd
Of fabled Saints, by idle Monks compos'd,
Who stuff'd with Miracles, and Fancies gross,

Result

Result of Plenty, and immod'rate Meals,
Lolling at ease doz'd o'er their sleepy Tales.

Those who more lazy were content with Saints,
Such as they heard by chance in Gospels nam'd,
Fearing in Miracles to be out-done,
Like Pow'rs to them ascrib'd, so to maintain
With specious Inference Creature worship vain.

Hence 'tis th' Apostle shipwrack'd, now defends
His Votary's Weather-beaten Hulk from Storms
And Latent Rocks destructive. Hence to Her
Child-bearing Virgin, of *Loretto*, kneel
The Female barren Devotees, impos'd
In Pilgrimage to seek their wish'd-for Cure,
Seldom refus'd; if in their Shape, or Face,
The charitable Priests find Marks of Grace.

But leaving These, ev'n now we daily see
The *Roman* Faith by Miracles evinc'd;
Does not the Blood of *Naples* martyr'd Saint,
Long since congeal'd, run florid once a Year?
Have not we seen a Wonder-working Rood,
By Groans ineffable, and Tears of Blood,
Sad Times predict, and Heretics confute
By dint of Argument, and fair Dispute?

Whilst

Whilst these speak for themselves, what Atheists dare
Against the Evidence of Sense declare?

These Stories in the stead of Gospel pass
Amongst the Vulgar, and Belief of these
Is Faith enough; nor needs there other Care
To keep this Herd within the Church's Pale,
O'er Ignorance few Heresies prevail.

Thus *Rome* so well the Specious Snare can set,
That every Rank of Men may like the Bait,
Both Rich and Poor, are by the Priesthood brav'd,
By Ign'rance These, as Those by Int'rest slav'd.

Here leave we *France*, condemn'd to endless Night,
Perverfly still refusing Gospel Light;
Whilst all her wilful Sons, misled, rejoyce,
That in the dark they wander out of Choice:
Where let them for a while delighted err,
Whilst we repose our Pen, and for new Task prepare.

Canto II.

YE Priestly Guides, (a Scandal to the Name,) Who neither stick at Guilt, nor flinch at Shame;

Whence is't that you extinguish Gospel Light,
As if that Darkness could improve your Sight?
Strange Guides they seem, who with such Caution shun
The dawn of Heav'nly Light, and fly the chearful Sun.

So wandring Fires, that in a Starless Night
With a delusive wavering Blaze invite
The dazzl'd Traveller to mend his pace,
And give the flying Meteor fruitless Chace,
O'er Hedge, and Ditch, through Mires, and Bogs
unfound,
And all the Dangers of deceitful Ground;
When Day first breaks, like Midnight Phantoms fly.
And in the Light no more dare tempt his Eye.

Mourn all ye Sons of Darkness, Light appears,
Light, which the Just desires, and Wicked fears;

See !

See! How th' Ætherial Spark at first descends
 On *Languedoc*, and the despis'd *Cevennes* ;
 See! How it spreads, see! To what Height is grown
 The Infant Blaze, tho' yet by Infants blown.
 Thrice happy, (Babes in Knowledge, as in Years)
 In whose bless'd Infancy such Grace appears,
 That Gospel Truths unread, untaught they preach,
 For read they cou'd not. Who alas! wou'd teach?

Cry from the Desert, P. 7.

“ Amend your Lives, (they cry'd) repent in time,
 “ In Idol Temples bow no more your Heads
 “ To senseless Gods; no more in Mass profane,
 “ Bow ye low prostrate to the empty Type,
 “ Neglecting him the Substance: Turn your steps,
 “ Turn your backsliding steps, repent in time,
 “ And Mercy seek, e'er Judgment overtakes.

ibidem.

“ Judgment and Desolation hand in hand.
 “ Ride on the Wind triumphant, *Rome* beware,
 “ Beware thou Scarlet *Whore*, with Jewels deck'd,
 “ (The Spoil of Kings,) and Thou *sev'n headed Beast*,
 “ Beware, the Hour draws nigh, when all the Saints
 “ By thee destroy'd shall at thy Fall rejoyce.

ibidem.

“ *Proud BABYLON is fall'n*, shall be their Song,
 “ The joyful Notes from Heaven shall resound ;
 “ Whilst

“ Whilst all thy glitt’ring Spires, that now invade
 “ The Skies, as *Babel* threatned heretofore ;
 “ Like That confounded, levell’d with the Dust,
 “ Shall Harbour nought, but Birds of Night unclean.

ibidem.

“ Then shall th’ Elect dispers’d, break forth with
 Praise,
 “ Hymning the Highest: Thou, O Church *Reform’d*,
 “ Shall’t raise thy Head depress’d, thy beauteous Head
 “ Dress’d like a Bride; then shall the Nations throng
 “ Within thy sacred Pale; Divisions cease;
 “ And hateful Persecution be no more.

ibidem.

Thus did they preach, then all together raise
 Their tuneful Voices, to the Spirit’s Praise ;
 No Voice exempt, no Voice but well cou’d joyn
 The Sacred Consort, like the Hymn, Divine.

Loud was the Song, and all who heard the Sound,
 With eager haste burst from the Huts around,
 To meet the welcome Voice (strange Zeal, uncouth
 In vulgar Minds, not often fond of Truth).
 O’er Hills and Dales they fly, e’er Rocks they climb,
 Pierce through the Woods, and through the Rivers
 swim ;

Cry from, &c. P. 6.

(No

(No Opposition might their Zeal restrain)
 They croud the Mountains, and o'er-spread the Plain,
 Whilst, the Inspir'd Assembly wide around
 Swells unconfin'd, and scorns to own a bound.

ibidem.

They came, they heard, and all who heard believ'd;
 And with the Faith, the Spirit too receiv'd:
 The new-made Prophets others still inspire,
 (For Flames Prophetic catch, like common Fire,)
 But with a Blaze too great to scape the Watch
 Of Priests, and Satan Nightly on the catch;
 Whose Vigilance is often dearly learn'd,
 Wheree'er *their* Church is said to be concern'd.

By these alarm'd, proud Antichrist awakes,
 And proper Measures for his Vengeance takes;
 Forth he commands his formidable Guard
 Of preaching Friars, for sharp Dispute prepar'd;
 Full power'd to convert (not by the dint
 Of Reason frail; for that—there's nothing in't,
 These cou'd confute ye, yet not speak a word,
 By virtue of convincing Fire, and Sword.)

Cry from, &c. P. 8.

With These in high Commission joyn'd, march
 forth
 Learned Dragoons of Piety and Worth;

*

Who

Who in deep Points of Controversie skill'd,
The great Converting Work had once before full'd.

Yet still the Friar's Zeal superior shone,
And set an edge upon the dull Dragoon.

And now Conversion flourishes apace,
And routed Heresy to Faith gives place,
Whilst shoals of Prophets all the Dungeons throng:
Yet in the Dungeons cease they not their Song.
As *Philomel*, tho' in a darkned Cage,
Scorns to mispend the Night in sullen Rage,
But loud as ever strains her warbling Throat,
And rivals Freedom in her freest Note:
So captive Prophets sung in bolder Strains,
And Music eccho'd sweeter from their Chains.
No fear of Death their chearful Looks confess,
Their happy Lot to die for Truth they bless,
And wish the time was come, and soon their Wish
possess.

Cry from the Desert.

Now every Mount presents a fatal Stage,
Scarce every Mount contents the Priestly Rage,
When all the Sweets of dear Revenge they'd taste,
And with a Gust prepare the bloody Feast.

With Joy the Prophets to the Rack they bind,
 (Such Joy, as Priests in Cruelty can find ;)
 Their Legs and Arms with girding Cords they strain,
 Try every Art that may encrease their Pain,
 And stoop themselves to labour at the Rack,
 Only to hear the Joynts, and Sinews crack.
 Yet still they inly rag'd at Labour lost,
 Whilst o'er the Mind they cou'd no Conquest boast.

One Argument of weight there yet remain'd,
 (An Argument few Disputants can stand)
 The Great convincing Reason of the Wheel,
 Of which, none know the force, but those that feel.
 On this, the Prophets, Bone by Bone are broke,
 With utmost Torture of a lingering stroke ;
 Yet still the constant Soul ne'er swerv'd at Pain,
 Nor speedy Death implor'd, nor Life besought in vain.

This Constancy, when *their* Tormentors saw,
 Malice a while Suspense confess'd an Awe,
 But to himself the Friar soon returns,
 And Zeal suppress'd with double Fury burns :
 Yet Sense of public Shame the Rage controuls,
 Till cloak'd with specious Veil of Care of Souls ;
 Proof against Censure, Shame no more he fears,
 But in true Colours all the Priest appears.

Now at their dying Agonies he smiles,
 In Pity threatens, and in Love reviles;
 Tempts their Despair, successless damns their Faith,
 And adds new Terrors to the Hour of Death.

Those of the Mission, who the best were read
 In sacred Annals, in old Footsteps tread,
 And cautiously Authentic Methods take,
 By Holy Church approv'd, (of Fire and Stake).
These, frequent Bonfires of Conversion Light,
 Such as in *Smithfield*, ancient Pen-men write
 In days of yore, inflam'd the seething Air,
 And frighted back the Sun, with their portentous Glare.
 Whilst unctuous Flames from Christian Sacrifice,
 Aspire to Heav'n, and streak the ruddy Skies
 With Streams of Fire. So burning Beacons show
 Approaching danger, from a dreaded Foe,
 When the red *Horizon* spreads wide Alarms,
 And warns the distant Provinces to Arms.

Alarm was giv'n, that none but Fools despise,
 Whose passive Sloth still contradicts their Eyes.
 Not so—surviving Prophets (void of Wit,)
 Their passive Necks ingloriously submit
 Defenceless, to the arbitrary Steel;
 But wrongs by Arms enforc'd, by Arms repel.

Fit Leaders first they choose, by publick Voice,
 (No Discord's where the Spirit guides the Choice)
 Who knew by Inspiration, when 'twas fit
 To fight it out, and when to sound retreat.
 These Motions all with Faith devout obey'd,
 And the deserv'd Success their Faith repay'd.

Cry from the, &c.

When with superiour Numbers they were press'd,
 And every pass was by the Foe possess'd;
 If then, the leading Spirit bid them force
 The hostile Ranks, undaunted wou'd they rush
 Through thickest Fire, immortal by their Faith
 From Wounds secure, as from the Fears of Death.

ibidem.

At length the Leading Prophets quit the Field,
 The Spirit warns them, and on Terms they yield.
 And now dispers'd, in Exile, different ways,
 The scatter'd Flock without a Shepherd strays;
 Seeking for Pasture, where it might be found,
 In milder Climes, on hospitable Ground.

Restless Condition! sad uncertain Fate
 Of mortal Man, secure in no one State,
 This minute fear'd, (with sudden change surpriz'd,)
 Behold him in the next, as much despis'd.

Canto III.

NO more the Tragic Muse my Song inspires,
The present Theme a chearful Note re-
quires :

Let Priestly Tyrants bloody Trophies raise,
And rhiming Slaves the holy Fury praise ;
Whilst I in *British* Liberty rejoyce,
And to the Airs of Freedom tune my Voice.

Hail happy Clime, between the two Extreame
Of cold Devotion, and Converting Flames ;
Thy temperate Air both Bards and Prophets choose,
The Spirit *These* directs, and *Those* the Muse.

Nor Thou, O BARBICAN, shall't be unsung,
Whilst any Voice has Notes, or Poet Tongue ;
In Ages yet to come for ever bless'd,
The Prophets First, and only Settled Rest.

Rejoyce at future Glory, fear no more
The Teeth of Time, in *This* my Verse secure :

Tho' labouring Gods the Walls of *Troy* might raise,
They only are preserv'd in Poet's Lays.

But why alas! thus vainly do I boast?
When This my Verse (to barbarous Ages lost)
In some neglected Corner peaceful sleeps,
With Parchments of the Law, and mouldy Heaps
Of Chancery Bills; (that empty, costly Cheat,)
The Rubbish of the World, when out of date:
Then, (from the utmost Limits of the Earth)
Shall Nations yet unknown, with fervent Faith
Flock to thy Walls, in pious Caravans;
Like Those, that Yearly pass *Arabian* Sands
In Pilgrimage to *Meccha's* holy Shrine;
Whose Prophet Then no more shall vye with Thine.

Not all have Gifts alike, nor do th' Elect
(Tho' by their Call, they're Prophets in Effect)
Start up like Mushrooms, in a Night mature,
And all at once attain Prophetic Power:
But as You see in Schools, and Colleges
Of Humane Learning, there are set Degrees,
By time acquir'd, and study of the Arts,
Nor *Masters* may commence, before they've learn'd
their Parts:

In Gradual Steps, So Inspiration moves
And the Elect still more, and more improves.

Unusual

Unusual Warmth first kindled in the Brain,
 Diffus'd, like Lightning shoots thro' every Vein.
 Whilst in their Breast the immaterial Fire,
 Fed on its self, boils up the Fevre higher,
 And Lambent Flames from every Pore transpire.

Cry from, &c.

The Holy Gulp, and Hiccup next appear,
 Two never failing Signs, the Spirit's near ;
 Which now the fleshy Organs form destroys,
 To shape them new, for supernatural Voice :
 The Flesh resists, and from the Conflict, rise
 Convulsive Sobs, and deep heart-breaking Sighs :
 Till worsted, from th' unequal Strife she shrinks,
 And in a peaceful Trance, reluctant sinks.

ibidem.

And now the Spirit with a Victor's haste,
 Issues triumphant in a furious Blast ;
 Yet gains not all at once a sudden vent,
 But as a subterraneous Whirlwind, pent
 In some sulphureous Mountain's streightning Womb,
 Oft struggles with repeated Shocks for room :
 So shakes th' Inspir'd, and swells his throbbing Breast,
 Staggers, and rocks, when with the God possess'd ;
 Till through the forc'd, involuntary Gape,
 By eager starts, Prophetic Warnings scape.

Proph. Warnings.

" Judgment, and Desolation (dreadful Sound!)
 " Thunder and Lightning. Red devouring Flames,
 " Deluge of Blood. Hot burning Coals from Heav'n,
 " On stubborn Sinners. But the choicest Plagues
 " On you deceitful Pastors, who seduce
 " The Flocks you lead, (your selves before seduc'd)
 " With outward shew of Learning, Heathen Pomp
 " Of Literature, preferr'd to Christian Truth,
 " With Majesty of Nakedness adorn'd.

ibidem.

" Ye, who vain swelling Titles claim, and Power
 " Not grounded on the Scriptures. Ye who scorn
 " Your high Commission, Holy *Servitude*
 " (Best Dignity) affecting to be call'd
 " *Masters, and Doctors, Reverend, and Lords*
 " The *Babylonish* Stile; (for this your Pride)
 " Avenging Fire from Heav'n shall lick you up,
 " Nor shall your dwelling place be left on Earth.

Proph. Warn.

" Behold! I see the vengeful Fire descend,
 " Brimstone and Fire, on their devoted Heads.
 " I see, their lofty Palaces in Flames,
 " Fly hence, my Sons, from dangerous Neighbours fly,
 " Lest mix'd with the Impure, with them o'erwhelm'd
 " In their Destruction you partake. Fly, fly,
 " Fly all my Sons. At that th' offended Croud
 With dreadful Voice of Thunder burst aloud.

A

A Storm ensues, not that of Fire foretold ;
 Yet, what sage Augurs as portentous hold,
 Dead Cats, and Dogs, discharg'd from Hands unclean,
 Whirling around in rapid Hurricane.
 Yet might the Show'r not quench the Prophets Fire;
 Still he holds forth, with Plagues and Judgments dire,
 Denounc'd by Wholesale, till his Magazine,
 Quite empty'd speaks the Spirit in the Wane.
 And now, he wisely with the Time complies,
 In *Peace* the pelted Congregation rise,
 And the attending Crouds with holy Scorn despise.

This Storm blown o'er, another Cloud, in sight,
 Black to the Eye, and lowring with despight,
 Comes on apace, big with impending Fate,
 And with a dreadful Clap displays its horrid Freight.

Papers and Parchments round them fall,
 With words uncouth in Magic Scroll,
 Such as your mumbling Wizards prate on,
 Whenever they *Subpœna* Satan,
 And with their figurative Bands
 For fear of Mischief tye his Hands,
 A powerful Spell, of strange effect,
 That cou'd enchant ev'n the Elect ;

And

And with a Necromantic Chain,
 In Bonds invisible detain
 Prophets themselves, on public Stage,
 Expos'd to Scorn and vulgar Rage;
 Till at the striking of the Clock,
 The Charm dissolves, and Bolts unlock.

Such suffering but the more encreas'd their Zeal,
 (For Zealots stir the more, the more they feel,)
 Gain'd them new Profelytes, confirm'd the Old;
 Strengthen'd their Faith, and made their Speech more
 bold.

Nor here amongst the Chief shall I forget
 The Female Glory of the new Elect;
 Virtuous *Saraiah* not unknown to Fame,
 When Grace shone faintly through her Heathen Name:
 Before discerning Prophets snuff'd the Light,
 And by Transplanting made the Spark more bright.

Enthus. Impos.

Yet from her Native Soil she still retains
 An inborn Gift, others acquire by Pains,
 And acts with Grace that might adorn the Stage,
 The *Whore of BABYLON*'s ungodly Rage:
 Till, (by some *Heroe* Prophet overthrown)
 Her Downfal she foretels ye — by her own.

And

And now suppose her here before ye,
 Prepar'd to act the 'foresaid Story.
 First off go Knots, and next go Pinners,
 The Carnal *Heads* of Female Sinners
 For Peruke of the Man of Sin,
 To play the Whore the better in.

ibidem.

And now—as Whores, you know, love fighting,
 And Caterwawling ends in biting,
 So she, the Whore of BABYLON,
 (The Type, I mean, for that's all one)
 Falls foul upon her old Gallants,
 And routs both Prophets, Scribes, and Saints.

Enthusiastic, &c.

Their Faces some in Corners hide,
 And let her bang them Back, and Side,
 Whilst others round the Bed were dodging,
 (For why, the Farce was play'd in Lodgings)
 But creeping under when she spy'd 'em,
 She straddles o'er and gets astride 'em:
 And as we're told, a Beldam Witch
 On Broom-stick rides o'er Hedge and Ditch,
 And in her Fancy runs a Race,
 Yet never stirs out of the place,
 Tho' often in her mad Capriches,
 Her wooden Horse she smartly switches:

So

So she her Legs and Arms bestirs,
 As if her Hackney wanted Spurs,
 And with her Whip she drove him on,
 To mend his pace for *Babylon*.
 Still ranting loud with Oaths and Curses,
 Like one of ANTICHRIST's wet Nurses,
 For *such* in former times 'tis said
 The Whore had been whose part she play'd.

ibidem.

At last upstarts an *He* Inspir'd,
 With holy Indignation fir'd.
 Fully resolv'd to fight it out,
 Because the Spirit urg'd him to't.

Hence there ensues a dreadful Battle,
 That makes the very Windows rattle,
 He thumps and bangs, she kicks, and pinches,
 But Flesh Prophetic never winces,
 Till in the end, (and Reason good)
 The Whore fell down, but Prophet stood.

ibidem.

And now the Victor's Wrath inflicts
 Chastisement due for all her Tricks,
 Mounts up her Heels above her Head,
 To shew you that she's really dead ;

Then

Then stamps upon her Breast and Belly,
 Yet all the while, Sir, let me tell ye,
 Tho' in a Trance you see her lie, Sir,
 She feels no more, than you or I, Sir:
 For Prophets Blows ne'er give her pain:
 A Mystery I thus explain.
 When beat by Impulse of the Spirit,
 In outward shew she seem'd to bear it,
 The *Real* WHORE felt all by *Proxy*,
 The Devil a bit her Type the Doxy.

If here I've err'd, attempting to explain.
 A Mystery, above the reach of Man,
 Inform me of my Error, virtuous Maid,
 Of Thee I sing, refuse me not thy Aid.

Nor less the Sons of Prophets claim a place
 In this my Song, nor less the Song wou'd grace:
 But these I leave to abler Pens, a Theme
 I dare not praise, so much as I esteem.

Yet 'tis not Justice to pass by,
Credentials of the Embassy,
 Which to Prophetic *Nuncios* given,
 Prove that their Errand is from Heaven.
Some at Infallible Prediction,
 Work hard for Infidels Conviction,

And

And all your Bosom Thoughts can tell ye
 As if they had been in your Belly.
 Others endow'd with Gift of Tongues,
 In Greek and Latin stretch their Lungs;
 And when they've preach'd by Inspiration,
 Are at a loss for the Translation.
 But what I scarce shou'd take on Credit,
 But only that in Print I read it,
 Is that the Spirit, out of Kindness,
 Shou'd strike the Prophetess with Blindness,
 For no Intent but to assure her,
 That one in Company cou'd cure her.

Enthus. Impost.

This Knack of Healing without Phyfic,
 Wou'd make one wish almost to be sick,
 But 'tis an old Saw and a wise one,
 What's one Man's Meat's another's Poyson:
 So those who fed upon Conversion
 Swallow'd this Cure to help Digestion;
 Which with weak Stomachs work'd so cross that,
 They threw up Faith and turn'd Apostates.

Enthus. Impostors.

With these the Doctor late converted,
 Took Miff, and in a Pet deserted,
 To see another by the Spirit
 The Gift he waited for inherit.

* * * * * *Desunt nonnulla.*

This

This lame Excuse in penitential strain
 For Re-admittance shall he plead in vain
 No Bard shall dare in moving words express
 A Plea that wounds the Majesty of Verse.

Much happier art Thou, immortal *Emes*,
 Whose Faith the Faculties lost Fame redeems.

He, when the dreadful Megrimms rack'd his Brain,
 Confiding in the Spirit brav'd the pain.
 The Spirit bid him hope, but Art despair,
 Art he contemns, and tempts the dangerous Air:
 Yet was he for a time (to try his Faith)
 Deliver'd over to the Power of Death.

"Five Months compleat, shall Darknefs veil his Eyes,
 "Then, on the Day he dy'd that Day he shall arise.

Proph. Warn.

No Weapon shall there need to cleave his way
 No Force to seperate the binding Clay.
 The loosen'd Mold shall voluntary break
 In crumbling Hillocks, thence like one awake
 From a refreshing Slumber, shall the dead
 Shake off his Sleep, and rear his awful Head:
 Whilst from his shining Temples wide around
 The circling Rays shall gild the sacred Ground.

* * * * * *Desunt multa.*

More

More yet remains unsung, but now no more
 With flagging Wings I dare attempt to soar;
 Kept to, too long a bent, the Spirits faint,
 And seek repair, which Rest alone can grant.
 If when refresh'd, I dare resume my flight,
 (Thrice holy Prophets!) in the dazling height
 Strengthen my Senses, and improve my sight.
 Mean while——these my Endeavours weak accept,
 Where the Performance fails, th' Endeavour shews
 Respect.

Let these plead for me, and this boon acquire,
 That when descending Cataracts of Fire
 Shall spout on every Unbeliever's Head,
 And Poets shall be mix'd with vulgar Dead;
 I under shelter of your Wings secure,
 May sing the Horrors of that dreadful Hour.

Till then——so may you unmolested meet,
 And as your Faith so be your Numbers great,
 No more with Kennel wash, or drenching Mire,
 May the rude Vulgar damp Prophetic Fire.
 In short——Such Favour may *They* always shew,
 As this my bold Attempt obtains from You.

